WARNING! THE HULK WAITS FOR YOU INSIDE!

7d

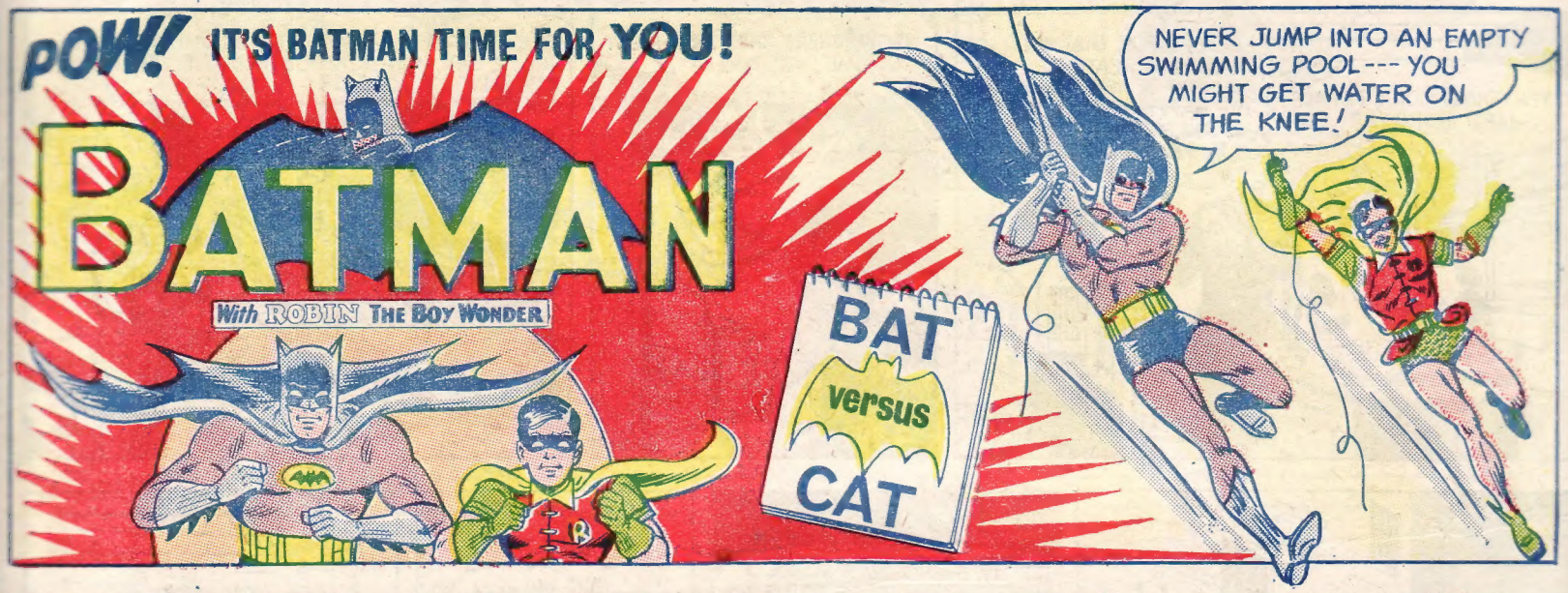
SMASH!

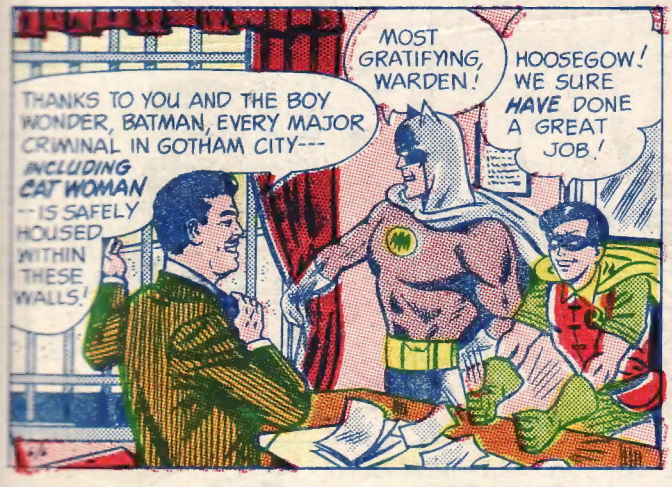
No. 21
25th JUNE 1966
EVERY TUESDAY

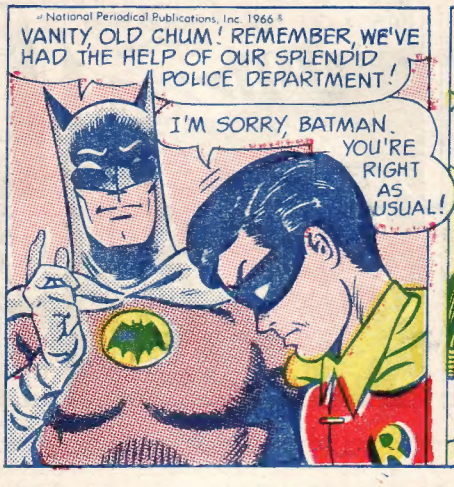
POW! IT'S BATMAN TIME FOR YOU!

BATMAN

With ROBIN THE BOY WONDER




THANKS TO YOU AND THE BOY WONDER, BATMAN, EVERY MAJOR CRIMINAL IN GOTHAM CITY--- INCLUDING CAT WOMAN --- IS SAFELY HOUSED WITHIN THESE WALLS!
MOST GRATIFYING, WARDEN!
HOOSEGOW! WE SURE HAVE DONE A GREAT JOB!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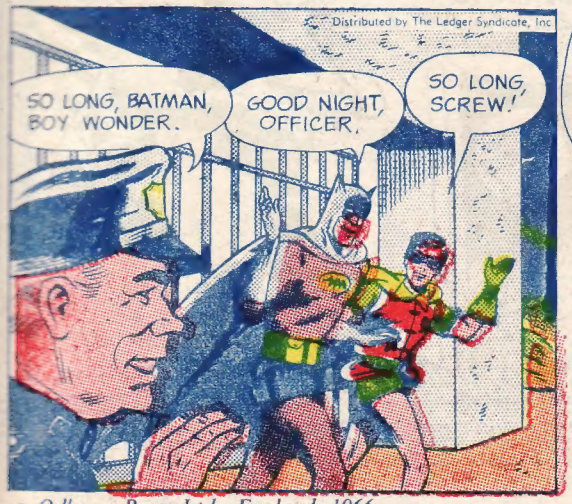
VANITY, OLD CHUM! REMEMBER, WE'VE HAD THE HELP OF OUR SPLENDID POLICE DEPARTMENT!
I'M SORRY, BATMAN. YOU'RE RIGHT AS USUAL!

AND UNDER WARDEN CRICHTON'S ENLIGHTENED POLICIES, PERHAPS EVEN CAT WOMAN MAY REFORM!
THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
IT IS MY DEAREST HOPE!
IS THE BOY WONDER TOO CYNICAL? OR MAYBE HE JUST DOESN'T LIKE CATS!



HOLD ON! THE WORD "SCREW" IS UNDERWORLD JARGON FOR "GUARD." TRY TO REMEMBER WE'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE!
OF COURSE. I GUESS I'VE BEEN SEEING TOO MANY OLD MOVIES ON T.V.
BOB KANE

A MAXIMUM SECURITY PRISON, BULGING WITH SOCIETY'S ENEMIES! KINDA GIVES YOU THE CREEPS!
IT DOES, INDEED! AND THE QUESTION IS, CAN IT HOLD THOSE CREEPS?

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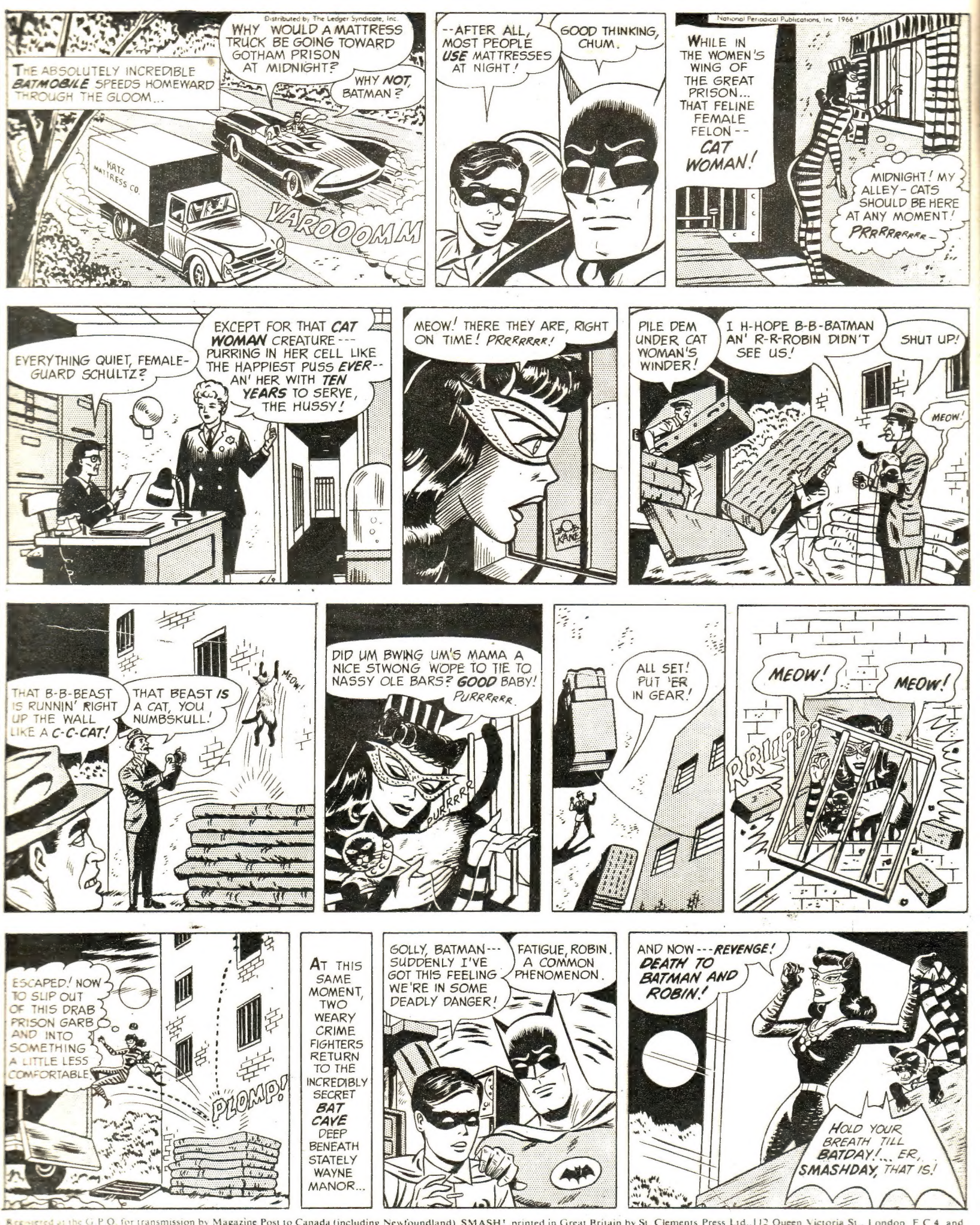
Distributed by The Ledger Syndicate, Inc.
WHY WOULD A MATTRESS TRUCK BE GOING TOWARD GOTHAM PRISON AT MIDNIGHT?
THE ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE BATMOBILE SPEEDS HOMEWARD THROUGH THE GLOOM...
WHY NOT, BATMAN?
KATZ MATTRESS CO.
VAROOOMM
--AFTER ALL, MOST PEOPLE USE MATTRESSES AT NIGHT!
GOOD THINKING, CHUM.
National Periodical Publications, Inc. 1966
WHILE IN THE WOMEN'S WING OF THE GREAT PRISON... THAT FELINE FEMALE FELON -- CAT WOMAN!
MIDNIGHT! MY ALLEY-CATS SHOULD BE HERE AT ANY MOMENT! PRRRRRRRR-
EVERYTHING QUIET, FEMALE-GUARD SCHULTZ?
EXCEPT FOR THAT CAT WOMAN CREATURE--- PURRING IN HER CELL LIKE THE HAPPIEST PUSS EVER-- AN' HER WITH TEN YEARS TO SERVE, THE HUSSY!
MEOW! THERE THEY ARE, RIGHT ON TIME! PRRRRRRR!
KANE
PILE DEM UNDER CAT WOMAN'S WINDER!
I H-HOPE B-B-BATMAN AN' R-R-ROBIN DIDN'T SEE US!
SHUT UP!
MEOW!
THAT B-B-BEAST IS RUNNIN' RIGHT UP THE WALL LIKE A C-C-CAT!
THAT BEAST IS A CAT, YOU NUMBSKULL!
MEOW!
DID UM BWING UM'S MAMA A NICE STWONG WOPE TO TIE TO NASSY OLE BARS? GOOD BABY! PURRRRRR.
PURRRR
ALL SET! PUT 'ER IN GEAR!
MEOW!
MEOW!
RRIIPP!
ESCAPED! NOW TO SLIP OUT OF THIS DRAB PRISON GARB AND INTO SOMETHING A LITTLE LESS COMFORTABLE.
PLOMP!
AT THIS SAME MOMENT, TWO WEARY CRIME FIGHTERS RETURN TO THE INCREDIBLY SECRET BAT CAVE DEEP BENEATH STATELY WAYNE MANOR...
GOLLY, BATMAN--- SUDDENLY I'VE GOT THIS FEELING WE'RE IN SOME DEADLY DANGER!
FATIGUE, ROBIN. A COMMON PHENOMENON.
AND NOW---REVENGE! DEATH TO BATMAN AND ROBIN!
HOLD YOUR BREATH TILL BATDAY!... ER, SMASHDAY, THAT IS!

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Percy's Pets

HAVE YOU SEEN MY FLEAS, SIR ?

I THINK THAT BLOKE THERE KNOWS WHERE YOUR FLEAS ARE, PERCY!

OOO! I THINK YOU ARE RIGHT!

ITCH!

SCRATCH!

TICKLE!

THIS'LL GET 'EM BACK!

WHISTLE!

NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY! YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD BE TRAINING!

SORRY, PERCY!

MATCHES

AND SO...

WE HATE TRAINING, BUT PERCY SAYS WE'VE GOT TO EARN OUR KEEP. HE'S GOING TO RUN A FLEA CIRCUS !

I PUT THIS SHEET OF MAGNIFYING GLASS IN FRONT OF THE FLEAS AND THE FOLKS CAN SEE THEM WITH EVERYTHING MAGNIFIED !

ROLLUP ROLL UP! KUM AN SEE PERCY'S FLEA SIRKUS 1D ADMISHUN

PHEW! I'VE GOT SIX CUSTOMERS — THAT'S A WHOLE SIXPENCE!

JUST THE JOB! I'LL BE ABLE TO BUY A LOVELY BIG SIXPENNY CORNET !

ICES

HELP! LOOK! THE SUN'S SHINING THROUGH THE MAGNIFYING GLASS AND SETTING FIRE TO THE MATCHBOX!

HELP! HELP! FIRE! THE MATCHBOX'S ON FIRE !

COME ON! WE'LL HAVE TO PUT IT OUT !

WE'LL TAKE PERCY'S CORNET !

???

SNATCH!

HEH! HEH! THAT SHOULD PUT IT OUT!

PLOP!

SSSIZZLE!

BAH!! ALL THAT WORK FOR NOTHING! I'VE GOT NO ICE CREAM CORNET NOW!

LET US KNOW WHEN YOU'RE PUTTING ON A SHOW AGAIN!

GLOOM!

THAT'S THE BEST PENNYWORTH WE'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME, PERCY.

The SWOTS and the BLOTS

GRR! CAN'T HAVE THE SWOTS WINNING *ANYTHING!* WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!

NOTICE BOARD

SCHOOL SPORTS
SWOTS
v
BLOTS

EEK!

JAB

IN THE SCHOOL SPORTS' STORE...

THESE HEAVY SOLES WILL FIX 'EM!

BANG!

DROP!

LEAD SOLES

THEY'LL BE HEAVY ENOUGH!

CRASH!

MY PET WOOD-WORMS WILL EAT THROUGH HARRY SWOT'S VAULTING POLE! *HE* WON'T STAND A CHANCE!

SLURP! NICE CEDAR!

CHOMP

HO! HO!

THIS WILL MAKE THE SWOTS' SHOT *REAL* HEAVY!

MOLTEN LEAD

LEAD SOLDIERS

YEAH! INSTEAD OF PUTTING THE SHOT THEY'LL DROP IT ON THEIR TOES! *SNIGGER!*

THIS IS ONE OF THE BARRELS THE SWOTS WILL USE IN THE OBSTACLE RACE! *HEH! HEH!* ONCE INSIDE, THEY'LL NEVER GET OUT! *CHORTLE!*

GLUE

SWOTS

ON SPORTS DAY...

WHEEZE! GASP! *HELP!* I CAN'T RUN ANOTHER INCH! MY FEET FEEL LIKE LEAD!

WINNING POST

THEY ARE MADE OF LEAD! *SNIGGER!*

CLUMP! CLUMP!

OLD CECIL'S OFF FORM!

EEK! MY POLE'S BREAKING!

JUMP-P!

CRACK!

SNAP!

HOW DO YOU LIKE LADY LOVELY'S 20-GUINEA HAT, READERS?

ZOOM!

BIFF!

CHORTLE!

YOWL! MY BONNY DEAR HAT!

SAM BLOT WINS! THAT'S FUNNY!

OF *COURSE* I WIN! THAT SWOT CAN'T EVEN LIFT IT!

ZOOM!

GASP! GRUNT! IT'S JUST LIKE A BALL OF LEAD!

DONG!

HA! HA!

HO! HO!

HELP! HELP! GET ME OUT, I'M ALL STUCK AND STICKY!

MMM! STRANGE THOSE LAZY BLOTS WINNING ALL THE RACES!

DASH-H!

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW HOW!

WINNING POST

PLOP!

BUY SMASH!

I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

NOW FOR A GOOD OLD TUCK-IN, *HEH! HEH!* WE WON *EVERYTHING!*

CHOCS

TOFFEES

CHOCS

NOT FAIR!

I FOUND *LEAD* IN MY SHOES!

MY VAULTING POLE WAS *EATEN* THROUGH!

THE SHOT WAS FULL OF *LEAD!*

IT MUST OF BEEN THOSE BLOTS! THEY'VE BEEN UP TO THEIR TRICKS AGAIN! LET'S TELL THE JUDGE!

STOP! STOP! YOU CHEATS! HAND THOSE PRIZES BACK!

NOT ON YOUR NELLY! YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH US FIRST!

RUSH-H!

YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SILLY OLD CUP BACK! *HEH! HEH!*

HELP!

WHERE AM I? GASP!

HELP! THE SWEET, CHARMING JUDGE HAS FALLEN IN THE POND!

SPLOOSH!

AARGH!

WE'LL HAVE TO SAVE HIM!

SILLY TWITS! THEY'LL GET ALL WET AND SLOPPY!

LEAP-P!

THOSE CHARMING, BRAVE BOYS ARE COMING TO MY RESCUE!

THEY GOT LIFE-SAVING MEDALS! *HEH! HEH!* YOU CAN'T EAT MEDALS!

HERE'S FIFTY POUNDS FROM THE COUNCIL FOR YOUR LIFE-SAVING ACT!

HELP! THEY'VE GOT A WHOLE FIFTY QUID!

£50 CHEQUE

TA! EVER SO MUCH!

DIRTY CHEATS!

CLEVER DICKS!

I'LL HELP THEM WITH THEIR CHOCS. THEY MIGHT GIVE ME SOME!

SWEETS

GOB STOPPERS

MINTS

YAAGH! BOO!

I RECKON WE WON AFTER ALL! *HEH! HEH!*

MONSTER 1,000 ID BOX OF CHOCS

MILLIONS OF DIFFERENT FLAVOURS

IF YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM, JOIN 'EM!

LOOK AT THIS CRAFTY TRAITOR!

THE RUBBERMAN!

THE FANTASTIC RUBBERMAN IS IN THE GRIP OF THAT INCREDIBLE MIDGET POWERHOUSE, JONAS SLEECH!

EVEN RUBBER CAN BE RIPPED APART— ESPECIALLY BY A SUPERMAN LIKE ME!

THE POWER-PACKED HANDS OF JONAS SLEECH GRIP LIKE VICES...

NOT MUCH MORE, RUBBERMAN, THEN I'LL BE SEEING DOUBLE!

IT'S NO USE! NO HUMAN ON EARTH COULD BREAK HIS HOLD!

THEN RUBBERMAN'S ARMS AND BODY S-T-R-E-T-C-H...

I CAN'T MATCH HIS STRENGTH, BUT FOR ME THERE IS POSSIBLY ONE WAY OUT OF THIS!

HAW! HAW! IT'S A LITTLE TOO LATE TO THINK OF GOING UP IN THE WORLD, RUBBERMAN!

RUBBERMAN EXPANDS UNTIL HE IS STRETCHED TIGHT AS A DRAWN CATAPULT. THEN...

NOW, I'LL SUDDENLY CONTRACT MY BODY— AND— SNAP, JONAS SLEECH, SNAP!

HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

IF YOU'VE NEVER BEEN THE TAIL END OF A WHIP IN A PARTY GAME, SLEECH ... NOW YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS!

AAHHH!

MVSEVM

RUBBERMAN BOUNCES... BUT NOT JONAS SLEECH...

AARGH!

CRASH!

MVSEVM

HAVE A CARE WITH THAT MUSEUM ROOF, SLEECH. YOU'LL BE LETTING THE RAIN IN!

THE ROOF ALSO LETS IN THE MIDGET POWERHOUSE...

EEEEHHH!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS!

A MERE FIFTY-FOOT FALL DOES NOT WORRY THE STRONGEST LITTLE MAN ON EARTH!

GET OUT OF HERE! GET EVERYONE OUT OF HERE! ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN NOW!

AND PLENTY IS GOING TO HAPPEN, RUBBERMAN!

AN ANCIENT FORKED SPEAR FLIES LIKE A BULLET...

LIKE THIS!

THAT THING COULD HAVE PINNED ME TO THE WALL!

EVEN RUBBERMAN IS AWED BY WHAT HAPPENS NEXT...

NOW I'LL SHOW OFF A LITTLE!

EVER SINCE PROFESSOR BIRD'S MOLECULAR STRUCTURE MACHINE EXPLODED AGAINST HIM... HE'S BEEN GETTING STRONGER ALL THE TIME!

CATCH, RUBBERMAN! A SORBO BALL WOULD BE MORE APPROPRIATE ... BUT WE'LL JUST HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH SECOND BEST!

IT'S SNAPPING THOSE PILLARS LIKE MATCHSTICKS!

AS THE PILLARS SHATTER...

THE ROOF'S FALLING IN ON US!

WELL! WELL! LOOK WHAT I'VE DONE NOW!

BEAMS AND DEBRIS CRASH DOWN...

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DOWNPOURS ... NOT WHEN YOU HAVE AN UMBRELLA HANDY!

AND I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BROKEN BONES! BUT THIS BEAM HAS GOT ME PINNED DOWN!

AS RUBBERMAN LIES HELPLESS...

THIS TOOTH-PICK IS SO LIGHT I CAN HARDLY FEEL IT! BUT YOU WILL!

BUT EVEN AS SLEECH RAISES THE STABBING LANCE...

COLUMN HALT! FOR PETE'S SAKE, HALT!

AN ARMY CONVOY ON THE MOVE! THEY HAVE GUNS! AND BULLETS ARE ONE THING I'M NOT PROOF AGAINST!

THAT LITTLE FELLOW! HE WAS TRYING TO KILL THAT OTHER MAN!

GUNS I DON'T LIKE! I'M MOVING OUT!

FRIENDLY HANDS PULL ASIDE THE HAMPERING BEAM...

HOW COME YOU CAN STILL MOVE? I'D HAVE THOUGHT EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY WOULD HAVE BEEN BROKEN!

CAN'T SEE THE OTHER BLOKE! WE'VE LOST HIM!

SERGEANT, I'VE BEEN DOING TOO MUCH SQUARE-BASHING! I... I'M SEEING THINGS!

IF I DON'T CATCH UP WITH SLEECH NOW, HE'LL GO INTO HIDING AGAIN. AND HEAVEN KNOWS WHAT EVIL HE WILL PLOT OUT! FOR THE SAKE OF HUMANITY, I'VE GOT TO KEEP AT HIM!

THERE IT IS, SMASHERS! IF YOU WANT TO KEEP UP WITH THE THRILLS — YOU KNOW WHERE TO FIND THEM NEXT WEEK!

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

OH, BOY! THEY'RE SHOWING THE STORY OF SAMSON AND DELILAH ON TELLY! SAMSON WAS A BLOOMING STRONG BLOKE!

GOODIE! DELILAH HASN'T SEEN ME! NOW TO GET AWAY FROM THAT WOMAN!

STREUTH! SAMSON'S GETTING OUT!

LET'S GO FOR A WALK, SAMSON!

HELP! LOOK AT CHARLIE'S BODYGUARD! NOW WE CAN'T BASH HIM LIKE WE ALWAYS DO!

IT'S *THEIR* TURN TO GET BASHED THIS WEEK!

EEK! LAY OFF! H-HELP!

COME ON, NOW! HAND OVER THOSE SWEETS YOU PINCHED FROM CHARLIE YESTERDAY!

YES, SIR! YES, SIR! HERE ARE YOUR SWEETS!

HO! HO! GOOD OLD SAMSON!

MUNCH! MUNCH!

HMM! THESE SWEETS ARE JOLLY GOOD.

CHOMP! CHOMP!

SCRUMPTIOUS!

NOW WHAT'S SAMSON UP TO?

HELP! HELP! GURGLE!

OH, NO! SAMSON'S PINCHING MORE SWEETS!

I'VE TAKEN ONE OR TWO FOR AFTERS! HEH! HEH!

OH, DEAR! WHAT *WILL* I DO? SAMSON'S GOT A SWEET TOOTH!

OH, BOY! CHOCOLATE BARS!

CHOCS

R-RIP!

CHOCS

OH, GOSH! I'M REALLY FOR IT NOW!

WHAT'S THIS? DESTROYING PUBLIC PROPERTY! WE CAN'T HAVE THAT!

PHEEE-EEP-P!

GOSH, THE PHILISTINE ARMY'S COMING TO GET ME!

THEY'VE GOT THE *WHOLE POLICE FORCE* OUT!

NEVER MIND, CHARLIE! I'LL GO DOWN FIGHTING!

HEY! MY BONE!

MATCH!

KAPOW!

POW!

OH, NO! WHAT'LL I DO?

BLINKING PHILISTINES CAN NEVER LEAVE A BLOKE IN PEACE!

COME ON, YOU CLOT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! IT'S BACK TO THE TELLY FOR YOU!

I'M NOT GOING BACK INTO THE TELLY! IT'S MUCH MORE FUN OUT HERE!

OOER!

SKIDD!

HELP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING, CHARLIE? I DON'T NEED A HAIRCUT! CUT IT OUT, WILL YOU?

I'LL CUT IT *OFF!* HEH! HEH!

HELP! I HAVE GONE ALL WEAK! WHAT'S HAPPENED? WHAT HAVE YOU *DONE*, CHARLIE?

HEH! HEH! I KNEW THE STORY! AS SOON AS YOUR HAIR'S CUT OFF, YOU GO ALL WEAK! WE'LL GET YOU BACK IN THAT TELLY NOW!

IN YOU GET! *HEH! HEH!*

CHEAT! CHEAT!

THERE'S ONE THING FOR SURE! HE'S NOT GETTING OUT AGAIN! LUCKILY, THOSE COPS DIDN'T SEE ME!

OOER! WHAT HIT US?

DAZE!

ROLLO STONES and DANNY CHARTERS...

THE LEGEND TESTERS

HE'S NO LONGER A MAN! HE-HE'S A WERE-WOLF!

ROLLO AND DANNY ARE CAPTIVES IN COUNT CADAVO'S TORTURE CHAMBER BELOW DEATH CASTLE. WITH THEM IS HAPPY, THE COUNT'S MANSERVANT. BUT WHEN EVENING COMES, A TERRIBLE CHANGE TAKES PLACE IN HAPPY!

GGRAAOOOW!

WATCH HIS TEETH, DANNY! ONE BITE FROM THEM AND YOU BECOME A WERE-WOLF, TOO!

ROLLO LEAPS FORWARD TO AID HIS FRIEND...

IN HIS ANXIETY TO ESCAPE THOSE EVIL FANGS, DANNY TRIPS...!

AAAGH! MY HEAD!

AAAH! HIS LIMBS ARE LIKE STEEL!

AND A MOMENT LATER, MAN AND WERE-WOLF COME TOGETHER IN STRAINING, THRESHING FURY...

RRRROOGGHH!

BUT IN THEIR STRUGGLES, THE CAULDRON OF BOILING OIL HAS BEEN DISTURBED... AND NOW THE CRUELLY HOT LIQUID SCALDS THE WERE-WOLF'S COARSE SKIN!

KRAAAA!

THOUGH HE FIGHTS WITH EVERY OUNCE OF STRENGTH HE POSSESSES, ROLLO STILL CANNOT PREVENT THE DREADFUL, TAINTED JAWS FROM REMORSELESSLY SEEKING HIS THROAT...

ANOTHER SECOND—AND I, TOO, SHALL BE A THING LIKE THIS!

IN THAT PRECIOUS MOMENT OF RESPITE, ROLLO TEARS HIMSELF FREE AND SNATCHES A TORTURER'S IRON FROM THE WALL...

IT'S DEAD, ROLLO! YOUR BLOW BROKE ITS SKULL!

BUT— LOOK!

THE SPILLED OIL IS ALIGHT—AND NOW ROLLO AND DANNY FACE AN EVEN GREATER PERIL THAN BEFORE!

THE FLAMES FEED HUNGRILY UPON THE ANCIENT WOOD. IN SECONDS, SMOKE FILLS THE CHAMBER, SEARING THEIR LUNGS...

THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF HERE! WE'RE TRAPPED!

AND THEN... JUST AS IT SEEMS THAT ALL THEIR ADVENTURING MUST END HERE, LIKE THIS—THE HEAT SEEMS TO GROW LESS AND THE GRIM CHAMBER DISSOLVES...

WHAT'S HAPPENING, ROLLO?

WE CAME BACK TO THIS CENTURY TO TEST THE LEGEND OF THE WERE-WOLVES—AND WE'VE PROVED THE LEGEND! NOW THE POWER THAT BROUGHT US HERE IS TAKING US BACK TO OUR OWN TIME— AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!

BRIEFLY, THEY SHARE A VISION—OF THE EVIL CASTLE, WREATHED IN SMOKE AND FLAMES... WRITHING IN ITS DEATH THROES...

THEN THEY ARE RACING FORWARD THROUGH THE CENTURIES...

IN THE FORTIETH CENTURY CENTRAL KNOWLEDGE MUSEUM CHIEF CONTROLLER MARCSON WATCHES THE LIGHTS FLASH ON THE CONTROL PANEL OF THE MUSEUM'S TIME-CHAMBER...

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING, SIR!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS MUST BE ON THEIR WAY BACK!

QUICK - TURN OVER THE PAGE...

A MOMENT LATER, THE DOOR OF THE TIME CHAMBER OPENS NOISELESSLY... AND ROLLO AND DANNY STEP OUT INTO THE FORTIETH CENTURY, BACK INTO THEIR OWN AGE...

AND NOW ROLLO HAS THE SKULL OF THE WERE-WOLF IN HIS HAND—THE MUSEUM EXHIBIT WHICH HE AND DANNY TOOK INTO THE PAST TO CHECK.

IT'S A WERE-WOLF SKULL ALL RIGHT. BUT THE MUSEUM RECORDS NEED A LITTLE RE-WRITING!

SO THE SKULL *IS* GENUINE!

THE NEXT DAY, ROLLO AND DANNY SET TO WORK TO RE-WRITE THE MUSEUM RECORDS ON WERE-WOLVES IN THE LIGHT OF THE KNOWLEDGE THEY HAVE GAINED AT SUCH PERIL IN COUNT CADAVO'S EVIL DEATH CASTLE...

THEY HAVE JUST FINISHED, WHEN...

HEY—ROLLO, DANNY. THE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!

UH-UH! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT HERE WE GO AGAIN!

IN HIS OFFICE, CHIEF CONTROLLER MARCSON SHOWS THEM A SMALL BROKEN PIECE OF ANCIENT CRYSTAL...

LEGEND HAS IT THAT THIS ANCIENT FRAGMENT OF RARE CRYSTAL WAS ONCE PART OF A FLASK THAT CONTAINED THE ELIXIR OF LIFE!

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE! THAT'S THE STUFF THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO ENABLE A MAN TO LIVE FOR EVER!

AND YOU WANT *US* TO GO BACK IN TIME AND CHECK THE LEGEND, SIR? WE'RE READY TO LEAVE RIGHT AWAY. AREN'T WE, DANNY?

THEY STEP INTO THE TIME CHAMBER...

...THE MASTER SWITCH CLICKS DOWN...

AND IMMEDIATELY, INSIDE THE CHAMBER, THE WALLS SEEM TO RECEDE...

WE'RE STARTING TO GO BACK IN TIME!

THAT MEANS THIS FRAGMENT IS GENUINE. IT REALLY *DID* COME FROM THE ORIGINAL FLASK!

THE TIME PROCESS QUICKENS...UNTIL THE CENTURIES ARE TICKING PAST LIKE SECONDS...

1000 A.D.

1500 A.D.

2000 A.D.

2500 A.D.

AND SO THE LEGEND TESTERS SET OFF ONCE AGAIN ON THE QUEST OF KNOWLEDGE AND TRUTH. WHAT UNKNOWN PERILS FROM THE PAST AWAIT THEM? WHAT LONG-FORGOTTEN SECRETS WILL THEY UNCOVER? MAKE SURE OF YOUR NEXT ISSUE OF **SMASH** WITHOUT DELAY. DO IT **NOW** — BEFORE YOU FORGET!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1966

AUNT JEMIMA IS COMING TODAY AND YOU KNOW HOW FUSSY SHE IS! SHE HATES A DIRTY HOUSE! SO **GET DUSTING!!** GRRR! I HATE DUSTING!

I'D BETTER GIVE GRANDPA A DUST! HE'S LIKE A MUSEUM RELIC! HO! HO! DUSTING **CAN BE FUN!!** SNIGGER—! SNIGGER—!

TICKLE!

HO! HO! HA! HA! HEE! HEE! STOP IT! STOP IT! YOU'RE TICKLING ME TO DEATH!

GULP!

WHAT'S UP WITH YOU? HAVE YOU SWALLOWED SOMETHING?

I'VE SWALLOWED MY PIPE, YOU LITTLE **PEST!**

ZOOM!

CLONK! ♫

CLANG! CLANG!

I'LL HAVE TO GET YOU TO HOSPITAL, GRANDPA! AT THE DOUBLE!

GANGWAY! EMERGENCY!

YOU OLD FOOL, DIDN'T YOU HEAR THE AMBULANCE-BELL?

HOSPITAL

OW! OUCH!

ZOOM!

SUCK! SUCK! SLOOP!

OPERATING THEATRE

AH-HA! THEY MUST HAVE STARTED ON GRANDPA, THEY'RE SUCKING OUT HIS PIPE! LISTEN!

POP!

PHEW! THAT SOUNDS AS IF IT'S OUT! GRANDPA WILL BE OK. NOW!

HURRY UP, GRANDPA—IT'S TWO MINUTES TO THREE—AND I HAVEN'T DONE MY DUSTING YET!

EXIT

HURRY UP! WE'LL PINCH A LIFT ON THIS CART! IT GOES PAST OUR HOUSE!

I'LL JUST FINISH THIS SANDWICH, THEN WE'LL MOVE OFF, FRED!

COO! WHAT'S THIS RUBBER THING AMONGST THE RUBBISH?

BRAM!

IT'S GOT A LITTLE NOZZLE THING! OOPS!

HISSSS!

YOU MEDDLING LITTLE FOOL, WHY CAN'T YOU JUST LEAVE THINGS ALONE?

HELP! IT'S AN INFLATABLE LIFE RAFT!!

HELP! HELP! WHERE DID THAT COME FROM? I CAN'T SEE A THING! WHERE ARE WE GOING?

AT PENNY'S HOUSE...

HELLO!

AAH! AUNT JEMIMA! COME ON IN—WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.

CRASH! ?

SICKLY GRIN!

ER! HELLO, MUM! I HAVEN'T—ER—QUITE FINISHED THE DUSTING YET! GULP!

MEET... Mister Knowall

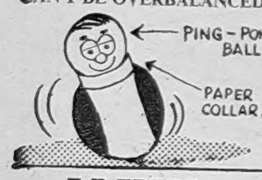
He knows everything there is to know about everything—and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

IT'S surprising what you can do with an egg besides beating or eating it!

Here's a couple of ways to 'go to' work on an egg'—and get a lot of fun at the same time.

Eat the egg first and save the shell. Wash it out and fill the bottom with a heavy material like putty or Plaster of Paris. Now glue a ping-pong ball on the broken end.

Paint a face and body on the ball and shell. THERE—YOU'VE GOT A 'WOBBLY—MAN' WHO JUST CAN'T BE OVERBALANCED!



Obedient Eggs

Talking about eggs, here's a yolk—sorry, joke—to play on your pals. Tell them that you can command eggs to sink or float, as you wish.

Get someone to mark the egg they would like to float. Put it in a jar of water and it WILL FLOAT, suspended half-way up the jar. Now put the other egg in the other jar and it will SINK straight away!

Here's how the trick works. You make a very strong solution of salt and half-fill a jar with it. Now SLOWLY and carefully pour fresh water down the side of the jar until it is nearly full. When you are ready to play the trick, you have this jar and another filled with UNSALTED water. Put the marked egg in the salt water, and then command it not to sink to the bottom. The egg put in the jar of pure water will, of course, sink straight away.

This balancing trick will need a bit of practise. But don't worry, you'll soon get the knack! Take a cigarette card or any other piece of stiff card about the same size and balance it on your finger. Now balance a coin on top of the card and announce that YOU CAN REMOVE THE CARD AND STILL LEAVE THE COIN BALANCED on the tip of your finger.

Sounds impossible. But all you've got to do is give the card a sharp flick on its edge with a finger of your other hand. You'll find that it will spin away, leaving the penny still balanced. And you'll do this quite simply after a few practise flips!

RISING COIN

You'll need an empty cigarette packet, a coin and a pencil for this trick. Place the coin in the back of the cigarette packet, at the bottom. Now tap lightly on top of the packet with the pencil. Keep tapping and you'll find that THE COIN SOON COMES OUT AT THE TOP OF THE PACKET.

Here's another way to use an empty egg-shell. Paint a face on it as before and fill the inside with earth.

Sprinkle some grass seeds on the soil (a mate of mine got great results with bird seed) and water it.

After a while, your 'Egg-head' will sprout bright green hair, which you can trim as it grows.

My eyebrows shot up when reader M. Noorden, of London, challenged me to stick a pin in a balloon without making it go 'BANG!'.

And if this one doesn't amaze your mates, nothing will.

The answer is to stick some scotch tape on the balloon and stick your pin through *that*. The balloon will go down slowly without bursting!

MAKE *SURE* OF SMASH!

Fill in this coupon—and take it to your newsagent.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

PLEASE *DELIVER/RESERVE ME A COPY OF SMASH UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE

Signature of Parent or Guardian.....

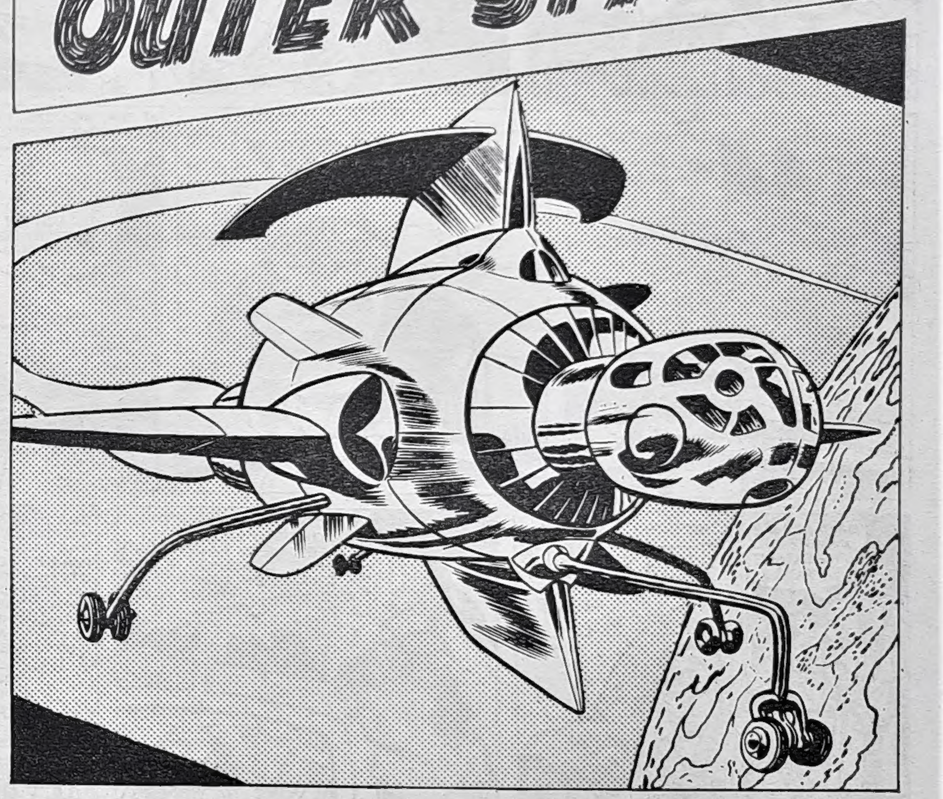
***Delete as necessary**

Willie & Winnie WOPPA

TRY ALL THE NEW FLAVOURS

Wall's

"THE GLADIATOR FROM OUTER SPACE!"



IT LANDED SUDDENLY, UNEXPECTEDLY, SWOOPING DOWN FROM THE SKIES WITHOUT WARNING!

AND THEN IT CAME TO REST! SLOWLY, THE STARTLED ONLOOKERS INCHED CLOSER AND CLOSER...

WHAT *IS* IT? WHERE DID IT COME FROM?

UNTIL, WITHOUT WARNING...

LOOK! IT-IT'S *OPENING UP!*

STAY BACK! NO TELLING *WHAT'S* INSIDE THAT THING!

IT MUST BE A CREATURE FROM ANOTHER WORLD!

I-

AM-

MONGU!

AT THAT MOMENT, IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, RICK JONES TURNS ON HIS TV SET, AND...

DOC! HEY, DOC! LOOK AT *THIS!* SOME KIND OF *MONSTER* JUST LANDED IN THE PARK!

I SHOULD BE THE *LAST* ONE TO CALL ANYONE ELSE A MONSTER, RICK!

WHO *IS* HE? WHERE DID HE *COME* FROM?

LISTEN---

I HAVE COME TO EARTH TO ISSUE A *CHALLENGE!*

I CHALLENGE EARTH'S MIGHTIEST MORTAL TO MEET ME IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT! IF YOUR CHAMPION DEFEATS ME, I SHALL DEPART FOREVER...

BUT, IF *MONGU* IS VICTORIOUS, THEN EARTHLINGS *BEWARE!* FOR THEN, THE WARRIORS OF MY WORLD WILL ATTACK THIS PUNY PLANET AND CONQUER IT WITHOUT MERCY!

SEND ME A CHAMPION WHO CAN WIELD A *TWO-TON AXE* LIKE ME!

I SHALL AWAIT YOUR CHAMPION IN A LONELY PART OF GRAND CANYON! IF NO ONE ARRIVES BEFORE THE SUN SETS, I SHALL KNOW NONE DARED TO MEET ME--AND THE ATTACK WILL BEGIN! THIS IS THE FINAL WORD OF MONGU!

THEN, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, THE STRANGE, UNEARTHLY CRAFT RISES INTO THE AIR AND HEADS TOWARDS GRAND CANYON, AS THE WATCHING MULTITUDES HARDLY DARE TO DRAW A BREATH...

NO HUMAN ON EARTH CAN DEFEAT THAT BRUTE!

WOW, WAS THAT CAT FOR REAL?? WHAT DO YOU *MAKE* OF IT, DOC?

I DON'T KNOW, RICK, BUT *ONE* THING IS SURE--IF HE *IS* FOR REAL...

THEN THERE IS ONLY ONE CREATURE ON EARTH WHO HAS A CHANCE OF DEFEATING HIM!

HEY, YOU MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO...

STAY *BACK*, RICK! *BACK!* LOOK OUT FOR THE RAYS! OHHH...

IT'S WORKING! I-I'M *CHANGING!*

AND NOW, MONGU HAS A DATE WITH--*THE HULK!*

DON'T JUST *STAND* THERE, KID!

GET *MOVING!* I MAY *NEED* YOU!

S-SURE HULK! SURE!

WITHIN MINUTES, A HASTILY-CHARTERED TWIN-JET STREAKS TOWARDS GRAND CANYON, AND ONE OF THE STRANGEST ADVENTURES OF ALL TIME...

AFTER LONG, ANXIOUS MINUTES...

LOOK! THERE HE IS!

HAH! SO! ONE HAS BEEN FOOLHARDY ENOUGH TO ACCEPT MONGU'S CHALLENGE!

JUST WAIT'LL HE GETS A BETTER LOOK AT *YOU*, HULK!

IT IS *YOU!* IT IS THE ONE I'VE BEEN *WAITING* FOR!

YOU EXPECTED ME?

SOMETHING SMELLS *FISHY* ABOUT ALL THIS! GIMME THAT CLUB!

JUST LIKE I *FIGURED!* NOTHING BUT CARDBOARD AND CORK! THE WHOLE THING IS A *PHONY!*

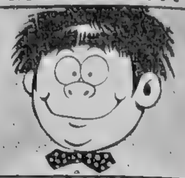
MONGU IS *INDEED* A PHONY! BUT THERE IS NOTHING PHONY ABOUT YOUR PLIGHT!

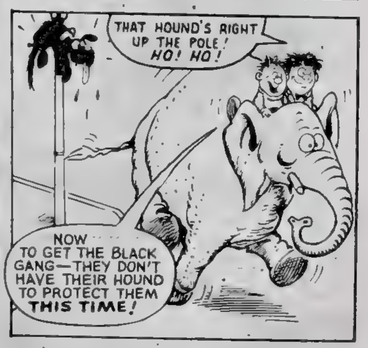
YOU HAVE FALLEN INTO MY *TRAP!* YOU SEE--I AM NOT ALONE! *TAKE HIM, MEN!*

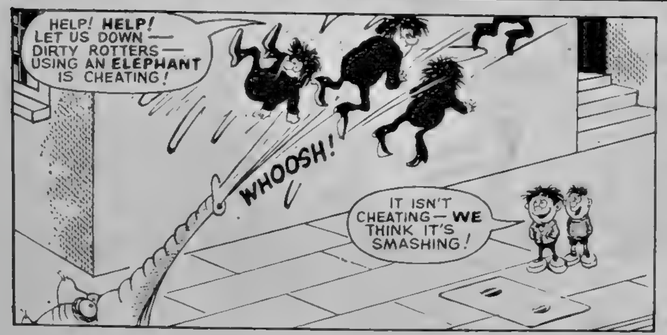
CONTINUED AFTER THE NEXT 2 PAGES

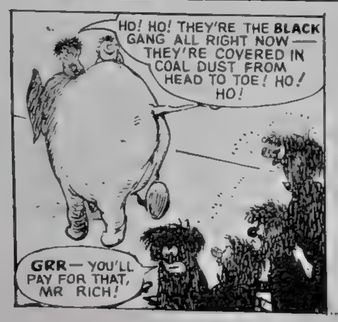
HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

RONNIE RICH

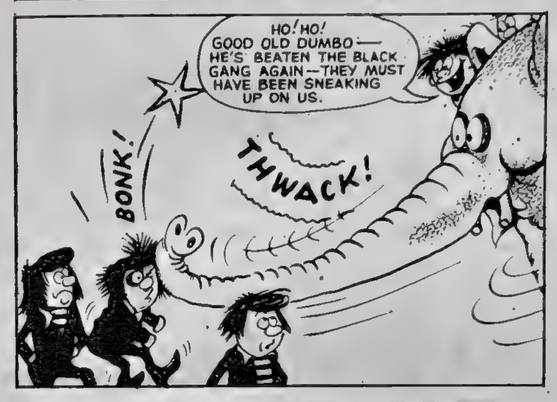


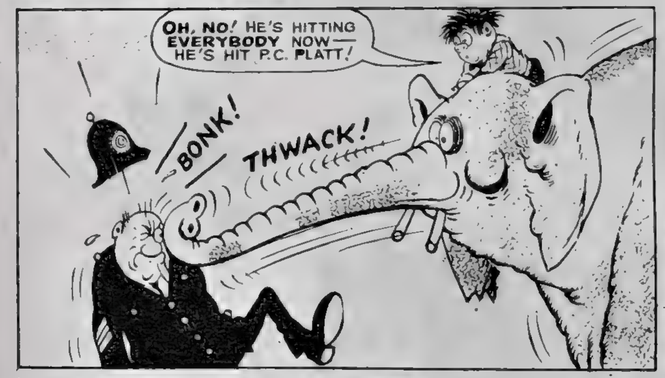


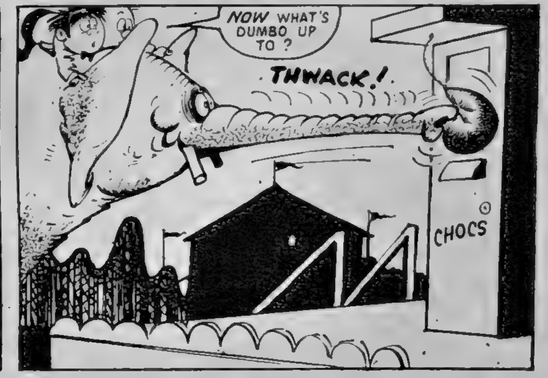


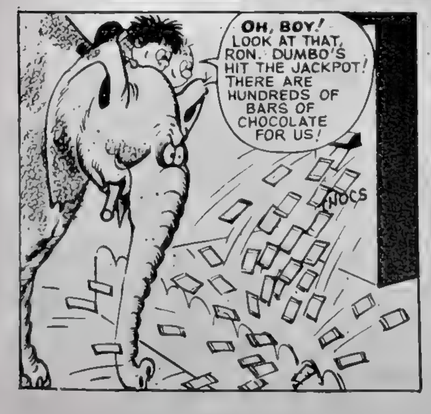


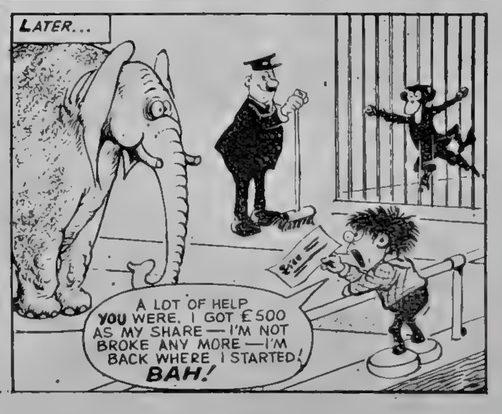
COME ON, BILLY! I'M BROKE NOW—WE'LL GO AND COLLECT THAT MILLION QUID FROM MY GRANNY'S WILL— DUMBO CAN CARRY IT—THERE'LL BE STACKS OF THE STUFF!











AN ALIEN FROM OUTER SPACE! *HAH!* HOW EASY IT WAS TO DECEIVE YOU!

MY TRUE NAME IS BORIS MONGUSKI, AND MY REAL MISSION IS TO CAPTURE YOU-- AS I HAVE *DONE!*

I SHALL BRING YOU BACK BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN WITH ME! THERE, OUR GREAT SCIENTISTS WILL LEARN THE SECRET OF YOUR GREAT STRENGTH AND BUILD FOR US A WHOLE *ARMY* OF WARRIORS SUCH AS YOU!

WHAT'LL WE *DO!* YOU CAN'T LICK A WHOLE PLATOON OF THESE CATS! LOOK AT ALL THE *HARDWARE* THEY'RE CARRYIN', HULK!

SHUT YOUR YAP AND LISTEN TO ME! I'M GONNA *PULVERIZE* THESE CRUMBS! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, LIE FLAT AND COVER YOUR EARS! NOW GET OUTA MY WAY!

ALL RIGHT, COMRADES! IF YA *WANT* ME, COME AND *GET* ME!

SUDDENLY, MOVING WITH BLINDING SPEED WHICH SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ONE SO HUGE, THE INCREDIBLE HULK LEAPS INTO THE AIR...

SHOOT HIM!

NOW, RICK! *NOW!*

HE-HE IS COMING *DOWN* AGAIN! *WHY?*

HE MOVES SO FAST WE CAN-NOT HIT HIM!

STRIKING THE EARTH LIKE A MIGHTY METEOR, THE HULK CAUSES AN EXPLOSION OF UNIMAGINABLE INTENSITY!

WHOOOOM!

I'LL JUST SCOOP UP THEIR TOYS WHILE THEY LISTEN TO THE BELLS RINGING IN THEIR DUMB HEADS! GOOD THING YOU HELD YOUR EARS LIKE I WARNED YOU, KID!

HULK--*LOOK OUT!* ONE OF 'EM HAS A *LIVE GRENADE!*

YEAH? WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

DO THOSE CRUMBS THINK THEY'RE PLAYING WITH *KIDS?*

BUT, UNKNOWN TO THE HULK, ONE OF THE MEN HAD REMAINED INSIDE THE STRANGE SHIP, AND NOW...

IT IS GOOD THAT WE PREPARED THIS EAR-SPLITTING *SOUND-GUN* IN CASE OUR OTHER WEAPONS FAILED!

ALTHOUGH IT DOESN'T AFFECT NORMAL EARS, THE ULTRA-SONIC SOUND WAVES PROVE TORTUROUS TO THE SUPER-SENSITIVE EARS OF THE HULK!

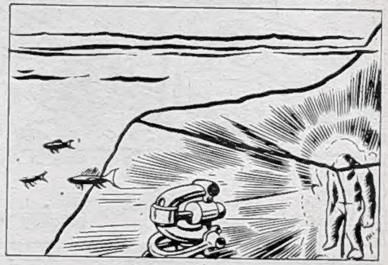
E-E-E-

I'M LEAVIN' YA NOW--- BUT IF YOU'RE NOT ON THE WAY BACK TO VODKA-LAND BY THE TIME I HIT EARTH, I'LL BE BACK! AND I WON'T BE SO EASY ON YA NEXT TIME!

WE FOUND FOOT-PRINTS AND FINGER-PRINTS THAT CAN ONLY BELONG TO THE HULK! HE'S INVOLVED IN THIS SOMEHOW!
THE WHOLE THING MUST BE HIS DOING! HE WANTED US TO THINK THAT HE DEFEATED A MENACE FROM SPACE! HE WANTED TO BE CONSIDERED A HERO!

WHATEVER THE HULK PLANNED TO ACCOMPLISH BY HIS PHONY SCHEME, IT SURE BACKFIRED! HE DIDN'T FOOL ANYBODY!
YEAH! NOW THE ARMY WANTS TO GET HIM MORE THAN EVER! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO ESCAPE OLD THUNDERBOLT ROSS MUCH LONGER!
METROPOLITAN HERALD
BATTLE WITH SPACE GLADIATOR RIGGED BY HULK!
EXTRA!
PUBLIC TAKEN IN BY BRAZEN HOAX!
"I'LL TRAP THE HULK YET!" SWEARS GENERAL ROSS

BUT, MILES AWAY, IN A HIDDEN CAVE BENEATH THE SEA, ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FANTASTIC TRANSFORMATIONS IS AGAIN TAKING PLACE, AS THE ANGRY, POWERFUL, BRUTAL HULK SUBJECTS HIMSELF TO THE MYSTERIOUS GAMMA RAYS WHICH HE HAD DISCOVERED WHEN HE WAS DOCTOR BRUCE BANNER...



AND THEN, SLOWLY THE MASSIVE DOOR SWINGS OPEN, AND A WEARY SCIENTIST STAGGERS OUT...
IT'S OVER--FOR NOW!
YOU CAME THROUGH IT OKAY! I WAS BEGINNIN' TO GET WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

BOY! IT SURE IS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WERE THE STRONGEST JOE ON EARTH JUST A LITTLE WHILE AGO!
LET ME LEAN ON YOUR SHOULDER, RICK! I--I'M TIRED! SO TIRED...

AND SO, THE WORLD'S MOST AMAZING HUMAN, AND THE BOY WHO SHARES HIS AWESOME SECRET, SLOWLY WALK OUT IN THE LIGHT OF DAY...HOPING TO HAVE A LONG BREATHING SPELL, A LONG REST...
...BEFORE THE INCREDIBLE HULK COMES TO LIFE AGAIN!

THE HULK STORIES ARE REALLY GETTING WARMED UP NOW—AND IT'S ALL STATIONS "GO" NEXT WEEK WHEN THE HULK MEETS TYRRANUS FROM THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH!

Be a SMASHER — Write to SMASH!

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Dear Editor-er-Alf and Cos,

Here is my version of a Smash *'Top Fifteen'*. 15. Charlie's Choice. 14. The Tellybugs. 13. Percy's Pets. 12. The Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. 11. Danger Mouse. 10. Space Jinx. 9. Ronnie Rich. 8. Bad Penny. 7. The Nervs. 6. The Rubber Man. 5. Grimly Feendish. 4. The Swots and the Blots. 3. Moon Madness. 2. Queen of the Seas. 1. The Legend Testers.

Simon Velate,
Mill Hill, London.

Fascinating stuff, Simon, but which way does your list start? Is your listed Number Fifteen your favourite—or is The Legend Testers your Top of the Poll? It makes all the difference and we'd love to know which way up your fifteen should be.

Dear Editor,

I always save up reading the Hulk stories until I am having my tea because it is such a nice long story. I counted the number of pictures in one of them and there were eighty. This one lasted me through eight slices of bread and jam.

Dennis Caulfield,
Nottingham.

Better tell your mother to lay in plenty of bread and jam for future use, Dennis, because there are going to be lots more Hulk stories coming your way, and they get better all the time.

Dear Alf and Cos,

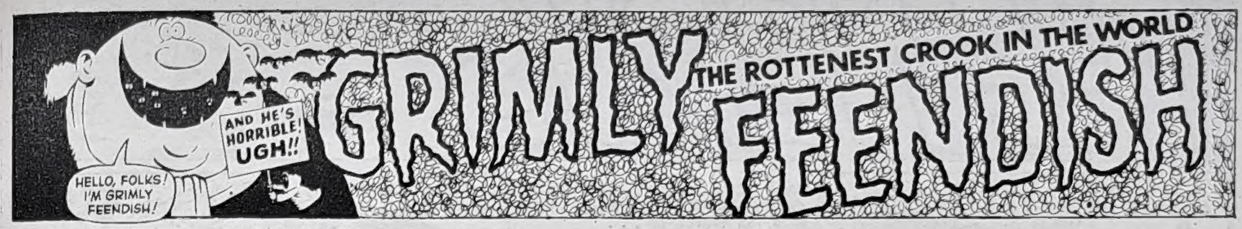
Smash is great, especially the serial about Rollo Stones and Danny Charters, the Legend Testers. I think it's great and I'd like to know who wrote and drew it. I congratulate them on their fantastic masterpiece.

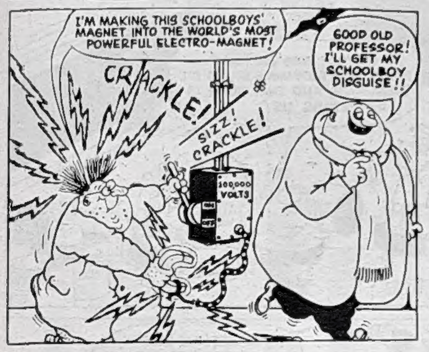
To continue . . . I do not buy Smash just for the Legend Testers, I also read every letter in the comic and laugh at every joke. I reckon The Nervs, Ronnie Rich and The Tellybugs and wish that you'd extend their lengths.

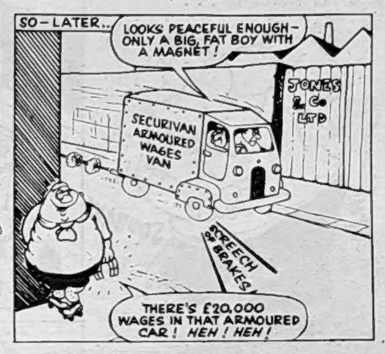
J. Hormer,
Sidcup, Kent.

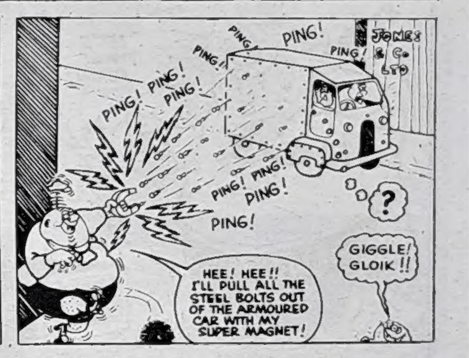
We like the Legend Testers, too. Those way-out scripts are dreamed up by Graham Baker, and the pictures are drawn by one of our favourite artists, Jose Bernet.

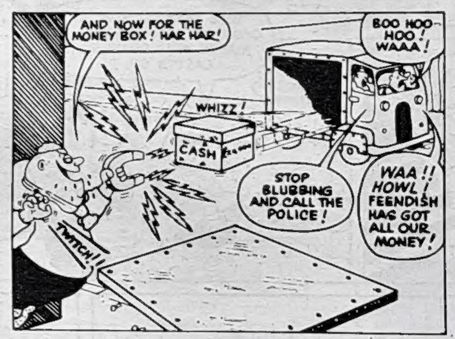
We used to like to eat and read at the same time, and some of you other Smashers no doubt do the same. We wonder if any of you have beaten Dennis' record of eight slices of jam to one Hulk story. Write and tell us if you have. And if you haven't, still write and tell us, because we just like to hear from you.

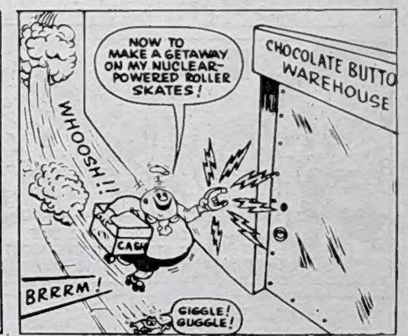


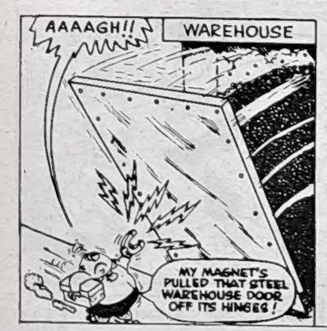

I'M MAKING THIS SCHOOLBOYS' MAGNET INTO THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL ELECTRO-MAGNET!
GOOD OLD PROFESSOR! I'LL GET MY SCHOOLBOY DISGUISE!!
CRACKLE!
SIZZ! CRACKLE!
100,000 VOLTS


SO-LATER...
LOOKS PEACEFUL ENOUGH-ONLY A BIG, FAT BOY WITH A MAGNET!
SECURIVAN ARMOURED WAGES VAN
JONES & Co LTD
SCREECH OF BRAKES
THERE'S £20,000 WAGES IN THAT ARMOURED CAR! HEH! HEH!

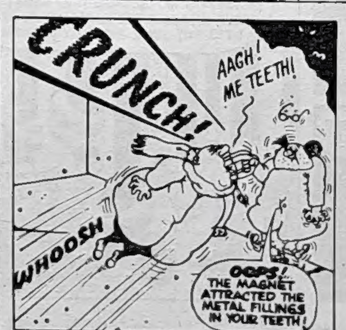



AND NOW FOR THE MONEY BOX! HAR HAR!
BOO HOO-HOO! WAAA!
WHIZZ!
CASH
STOP BLUBBING AND CALL THE POLICE!
WAA!! HOWL! FEENDISH HAS GOT ALL OUR MONEY!
TWITCH!





BACK AT GRIMLY'S HEADQUARTERS
YOU CAN HAVE YOUR MAGNET BACK, PROF—I'LL CHEW A FEW CHOCOLATE BUTTONS!
DON'T OPEN YOUR MOUTH, MISTER FEENDISH!



TOO BAD YOU CAN'T EAT ANY CHOCOLATE BUTTONS, MISTER FEENDISH—NEVER MIND, YOU CAN WATCH US EAT 'EM!!
SICKLY GRIN
SULK
CHOMP! MUNCH!
THROB! ACHE! THROB!!

THE NERVS

SQUEAK!
LET'S TWIST AGAIN!
CREAK!

GOSH, LISTEN TO FATTY'S JOINTS—THEY'RE CREAKING LIKE AN OLD PRAM—THEY MUST BE RUSTED UP...
SCREECH!
SQUEAK!
CREAK!

IN FATTY'S KNEE JOINT...
SCREEK
KNEE JOINT
Keep well oiled
NO WONDER THEY CREAK! THERE'S NO BLOOMING OIL TO OIL THEM WITH—AND THAT NOISE IS DEAFENING US!
OIL
OIL

KNEE JOINT
STAIRS TO ALL DEPTS. FLOORS 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.
COME ON! WE'LL SEE THE STOMACH NERVS ABOUT GETTING SOME OIL!

6th FLOOR—STOMACH
STOM. NERV
GIVE THAT FAT SLOB A GOOD OLD TUMMY-ACHE, AND MAYBE HE'LL DRINK SOME CASTOR OIL!
PANT! PUFF!
GASP!
PANT!

HEE! HEE! THE CLOT SWALLOWED HIS TOOTH PICK YESTERDAY—JUST THE JOB TO GIVE HIM A SORE TUM!
STOMACH WALL
STAB!

OOH! MY TUM! I MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH DINNER... WHAT A PAIN!
JAB!
STAB!

BUT I'D RATHER SUFFER THAN DRINK CASTOR OIL—I HATE THE STUFF!

GRR! THE CHEAT! HE'S NOT DRINKING IT—DIRTY BIG COWARD!
STOMACH WALL

COME ON! WE'LL SEE THE HAIR NERVS!

WE'LL CUT THE KNOTS OFF SOME OF FATTY'S HAIRS. THEN THEY WON'T BE HELD IN AND THEY'LL FALL OUT, AND HE'LL PUT SOME HAIR OIL ON THEM!
HAIR
HAIR HOLE

FATTY'S DOING THE SHAKE NOW!
SHAKE, SHAKE, EVERYBODY SHAKE!

HELP! I'M SHAKING ALL THE HAIRS OUT OF MY HEAD!

I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE MY HAIR—I'LL SLAP SOME HAIR TONIC ON IT—THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
HAIR

THIS IS GREAT STUFF. A NEW IDEA—IT'S NON OILY! DOESN'T MAKE MY HAIR ALL OILY!
HAIR TONIC NON-OILY

WAAH—THE DIRTY ROTTER—HE'S CHANGED HIS HAIRCREAM—HE'S USING NON-OILY STUFF—SO WE WON'T GET ANY OIL!
HAIR

COME ON! WE CAN'T GO WRONG THIS TIME. LET'S SEE THE EAR NERVS!
EAR DRUM
EAR CANAL

THAT'S IT, LADS—FILL HIS EAR WITH WAX—THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
EAR TRUMPET
WAX

HELP—I'VE GONE DEAF—I MUST HAVE HAD THAT RECORD ON TOO LOUD—I CAN'T HEAR A THING!

A SPOT OF WARM OIL SHOULD DO THE TRICK THOUGH—IT USUALLY CLEARS IT IN A JIFFY!
SQUELCH!

EAR TRUMPET
SPLAT!
QUICK, GET THE WAX OUT OF THE WAY—HERE COMES THE OIL!

YIPPEEE! LOTS OF LOVELY OIL—WE'LL BE ABLE TO OIL HIS JOINTS NOW!
SPLOSH!

I'M FINE NOW—NO MORE EAR-ACHE—I CAN HEAR PERFECTLY! THAT OIL SURE DID THE TRICK!

AND THERE'S NO MORE CREAKING AND GROANING—WE'VE GOT LOTS OF OIL NOW. IT'S GOOD FOR OUR EARS TOO!!
SPLOSH!

THE GHOST PATROL

SERGEANT JOE AND HIS 'GHOST PATROL' HAVE BEEN SHOT BACK TO ROMAN TIMES BY A TIME-MACHINE. ARMED WITH THEIR ADVANCED WEAPONS, THEY COME TO TERMS WITH A ROMAN COMMANDER, WHO IS MARCHING TO ATTACK CARTHAGE. HE INVITES THE PATROL TO MARCH WITH HIM...

I WARN YOU, STRANGER— IF YOU COME WITH US TO CARTHAGE, THERE WILL BE A GREAT DEAL OF FIGHTING!

WE DON'T MIND FIGHTING, COMMANDER. YOU MIGHT NEED OUR HELP!

SO THE LEGION SET OUT UNDER THE BURNING SUN. TO SAVE THE PETROL WHICH THEY MIGHT NEED LATER, JOE'S TANK WAS HAULED BY VOLUNTEERS...

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE WE GO IN HISTORY, LADS—WE ALWAYS SEEM TO END UP FOOT-SLOGGING!

IT'S A SOLDIER'S LOT, SARGE!

USING THE FLYING HELMET, PADDY ACTED AS LEGION SCOUT. THE ROMAN SOLDIERS SOON GOT USED TO HIM DRIFTING OVER THEIR RANKS...

IT'S ALL DONE BY GADGETS— YET THESE BOYS PROBABLY THINK I'M SOME ROMAN GOD!

WHEN THE DESERT SUN GOT REALLY HOT, PADDY WOULD ZOOM UP HIGH, AND JUST DRIFT ALONG AT HIS EASE IN THE COOL AIR, LIKE A FLOATING SWIMMER!

THIS IS THE LIFE FOR ME! ALL PLAY AND NO WORK!

ONE MORNING, WHEN PADDY HAD SOARED UP REALLY HIGH, HE GAZED FAR OUT TOWARDS THE SUN-DRENCHED MEDITERRANEAN SEA, AND SAW...

HEY—THAT LOOKS LIKE A FLEET OF GALLEYS! THE ROMAN COMMANDER SHOULD BE INTERESTED!

PADDY'S FLYING HELMET HAD A RADIO LINK-UP WITH THE TRANSLATOR THAT JOE CARRIED...

I CAN COUNT AT LEAST THIRTY SHIPS, SARGE! THEY'RE TRAVELLING WELL OUT TO SEA!

GET OUT THERE AND HAVE A CLOSER LOOK AT THEM, PADDY—BUT WATCH HOW YOU GO!

WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, PADDY WAS SWOOPING LOW OVER THE HEAVING GALLEYS...

IT'S A WAR-FLEET, SARGE, TOP HEAVY WITH SOLDIERS—AND THEY DON'T LOOK ROMAN TO ME!

GET DOWN AS CLOSE AS YOU DARE, AND TRY TO FIND OUT SOME WAY OF LETTING US KNOW WHO THEY ARE!

AN INSTANT LATER, A SAILOR ON TOP OF ONE OF THE SWAYING MASTS GOT THE SHOCK OF HIS LIFE!

AAAGH!

THE BEST WAY TO GET INFORMATION IS TO GRAB A HOSTAGE—AND YOU'LL DO ME NICELY!

GRIPPING HIS PRISONER, PADDY SPED TOWARDS THE COAST AT WAVE-TOP HEIGHT...

DON'T STRUGGLE, PAL—OR YOU'LL GO INTO THE SEA!

YAACH!

PADDY TURNED THE SAILOR OVER TO THE LEGION, AND THE TREMBLING CAPTIVE WAS QUESTIONED...

YES, WE ARE A WAR-FLEET, SAILING FROM CARTHAGE. WE ARE HEADING FOR ITALY TO BRING MORE SOLDIERS TO THE GREAT HANNIBAL, WHO MEANS TO MARCH ON ROME!

THIS IS GRIM NEWS INDEED!

THE ROMAN COMMANDER, AGHAST AT THE NEWS, SWUNG ROUND TO SERGEANT JOE...

WE MUST GET BACK TO ROME, STRANGER, BUT OUR SHIPS ARE FAR AWAY ALONG THE COAST! IT WOULD TAKE US A WEEK'S MARCH TO REACH THEM—AND LONG BEFORE WE CAN SAIL, OUR HOME COUNTRY WILL BE DESTROYED!

JOE'S ANSWER WAS TO GRAB THE FLYING HELMET FROM PADDY! THEN HE REACHED FOR CORNY'S FLASH-GUN...

COMMANDER—WE'VE GOT WEAPONS EVEN YOUR GODS DON'T HAVE! LEAVE THIS TO ME.

EVEN WORSE WAS TO COME...

YESTERDAY, WE CAUGHT AND SANK A ROMAN GALLEY. IT CARRIED A MESSAGE TO THE THIRD LEGION, RECALLING IT TO ROME TO DEFEND THE CITY!

BUT WE ARE THE THIRD LEGION!

THE BRITISH SERGEANT THOUGHT QUICKLY...

IF WE COULD CAPTURE THE ENEMY FLEET, YOU WOULD HAVE THE TRANSPORT YOU NEEDED, AND YOU WOULD KEEP HANNIBAL FROM GETTING HIS SUPPLIES!

NOT EVEN THE GODS COULD REACH THAT FLEET NOW—IT IS TOO FAR AWAY!

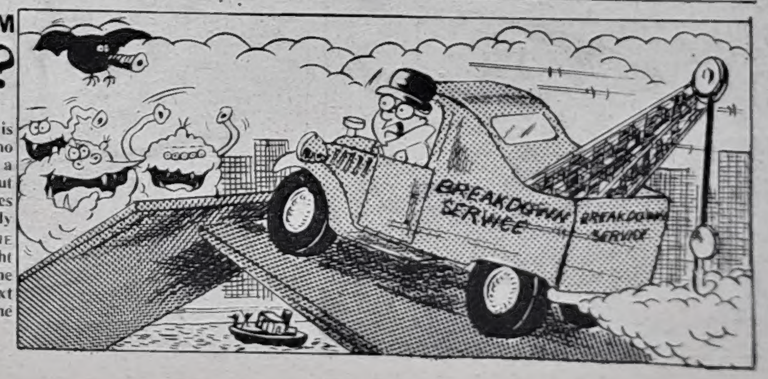
THE LONE SERGEANT WAS SOON FAR OUT TO SEA, HEADING TOWARDS THE VAST ENEMY FLEET...

I'D BETTER BE READY FOR A TOUGH RECEPTION!

NEXT WEEK: FLIGHT INTO DANGER!

CAN YOU SAVE THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.?

THE Man from B.U.N.G.L.E. is escaping from the crooks who have held him to ransom in a captured 'breakdown truck'. But now, as he crosses a bridge, he sees that monstrous pursuers not only head him off, BUT START TO OPEN THE BRIDGE! Unarmed and at dizzy height above the river, can you see how he can escape? Think about it until next SMASHDAY when we give you the answer.



QUEEN OF THE SEAS

THE PONG FROM A ROTTEN, CENTURIES-OLD DODO EGG HAS GASSED EVERYONE ABOARD 'QUEENIE' AS SHE CHUGS ON ACROSS THE SARGASSO. AND HERE COMES THE SCHOONER 'MARIGOLD' THAT HAS BEEN CHARTERED BY A BARMY BOTANIST CALLED HUMPHREY HERB.

KEEP ALL SAIL PILED ON, CAPTAIN!

-THESE PLANTS HAVEN'T EATEN FOR DAYS AND THEY'RE GETTING PECKISH!

THEY ARE BOUND FOR THE BOSTON BOTANICAL GARDENS WITH A BATTERY OF BRAZILIAN BIRD-EATING PLANTS (BURPUS-GIGANTICI)...

BURP!

BURP!

HIC!

RUMBLE!

BURPUS GIGANTICA

HEE-HEE! THIS'LL SHAKE SCIENCE! THIS SPECIES IS SUPPOSEDLY EXTINCT, CAP'N!

BUR-R-RP!

HIC!

HIC!

BURP!

MEANWHILE "QUEENIE" SHUDDERS TO A HALT ON A HEAP OF WEED...

PUTRID PONG!

SPLUTCH

-BUT THE FUMES OF THE DODO EGG DRIFT ACROSS THE SARGASSO...

OBNOXIOUS 3,000 YEAR-OLD NIFF!

-UNTIL 5 MILES LATER, THE PONG WAFTS INTO THE "MARIGOLD'S" HOLD...

DELIGHTFUL AROMA OF DEAD DICKY-BIRD!

SNIFF

WAFT!

SNIFF

ALMOST INSTANTLY, THE HUNGRY "BURPUS-GIGANTICI" BEGIN TO SLURP EXCITEDLY AND **GROW** IN SIZE!

CRASH!

BUR-RP!

BUR-RP!

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER...

ERK!

CAP'N! SHE'S DOIN A U-TURN ON ME, AN' I'VE GOT THE WHEEL HELD AT DEAD-AHEAD!

FEARFULLY, THE CREW GOGGLE OVER THE GUNWHALE—

BLIMEY! WE'RE WHOOSHIN' BACK THE WAY WE CAME— AGAINST THE WIND!

BURP!

HIC!

AGH-H! THOSE ROTTEN PLANTS HAVE MUTINEERED! HELP!

BURP!

HIC!

BURP!

HIC!

S.O.S.! MISTER HERB! QUICK! ORDER THEM BACK BELOW! CLAP 'EM IN IRONS!

DOWN, BOY! SIT! PLAY "DEAD"!

STALE STINK!

ZIP!

BUT BY THIS TIME, "QUEENIE" IS SO SMOTHERED IN PREHISTORIC PONG THAT THE PRIMITIVE "BURPUS-GIGANTICI" ARE CONVINCED **SHE'S** A DODO!

RIGHT, BURPIES! TUCK IN!

SLOLLUP!

SLULP!

SNIFF

DROOL

TO HEEL, BOY!—!!— A-A-ARK!

THE WORST STENCH SINCE 1483!

COR! YOU CAN ALMOST SMELL IT, CAN'T YOU, SMASHERS! ANYWAY, YOU'VE GOT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS—SO PINCH A CLOTHES PEG FROM MUM AND STICK YOUR NOSE INTO **SMASH** FOR ANOTHER GOOD LAUGH NEXT WEEK!